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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## Glad Bells

O bells, glad bells of Easter tide,  
Ring out your notes of cheer,  
Above earth's weariness and strife,  
Your joyous chimes we hear,  
He lives! He lives! O bells, glad bells,  
Ring out the triumph song,  
He lives! He lives for evermore!  
The victor strains prolong.

O ring and greet the morn of hope,  
Peal o'er each mountain height,  
Our Jesus rose no more to die  
His love illumines the night.  
He lives! He lives! O bells, glad bells,  
Ring out the triumph song,  
He lives! He lives for evermore!  
The victor strains prolong.

Your music leaps from sphere to sphere  
In sweet, unbroken chime,  
White angels hallelujahs sing  
In choral strains sublime.  
He lives! He lives! O bells, glad bells,  
Ring out the triumph song,  
He lives! He lives for evermore!  
The victor strains prolong.

## The Stone That was Rolled Away

A girl stood by the window that was farthest from the door of the railway station, while Doctor Stanwood walked nervously back and forth from the station door to the ticket window, where he could catch a glimpse of the clock on the wall of the office.

The other students of Stanwood Hall had left on earlier trains, a merry, chattering lot, glad that the long term between the holidays and the spring vacation had at last come to an end and that they were going home for Easter.

As the hands of the clock moved slowly round toward the noon hour, Doctor Stanwood approached the motionless figure at the window and asked, almost timidly, "Do you leave on the next train?"

Eunice Majors turned from the window with a resentful light in her eyes; but as she met the kind, fatherly gaze of the keen eyes which looked out from the shaggy grey brows, something compelled her to answer truthfully:

"No, I'm not going away at all. I was only waiting for you to leave the station. I had deceived all the students, and I hoped to deceive you. I didn't want anyone to know that I had no place in the world to go to." Her voice was full of bitterness, but she continued:

"I hate the vacations and holidays, when other people are so happy and make so many plans for their home-going. I haven't a living relative, and no place I can call home. Of course, I have a boarding-place, the best my guardian could find. I went there at Christmas time, and the students here did not find out that I had no home. I came to this strange college, where no one knew me, to escape being pitied. I thought if I came down to the station and waited until they were all gone they would never know. I even packed my suit-case, just as the others did. I'm going back to the dormitory now, and I'm unwelcome even there, for Mrs. Stacy wanted to go home for Easter and I'm the only hindrance."

Eunice paused for breath, the turned suddenly toward the window, as if to prevent any discussion of the situation.

Doctor Stanwood's keen eyes had grown moist as he listened. He understood now why he had been unable to reach this new student. She had from the very first of her coming to Stanwood Hall refused all friendly advances, and the students had gradually left her alone. The fatherly heart of the president had ached many times over her apparent loneliness, but as he listened to the cry of the heart that had shut itself in with its bitter grief, he felt a great longing to help her. A sudden resolve lighted his serious face. A thought had come to him that, if carried out, required prompt action, for it was almost time for the train. He took a note-book from his pocket, wrote hurriedly for a moment, went over the window and purchased a ticket, and as the train whistled in the distance, he said:

"Miss Eunice you are going to take the train to Hope. Here is your ticket and a note I have written to some people I know in that town. I'm sure they will board you during the Easter vacation, I am not leaving town, so I'll tell Mrs. Stacy that you have gone to stay with friends, and she can go home after all."

Eunice took the ticket and followed Doctor Stanwood out to the platform. There had been no time to say anything, then turned away. The conductor hurried Eunice into the coach. She was soon whirling over a strange road, going to spend Easter with strangers, while the kind-hearted old man, who had been the counsellor, friend and father to the many young people who had come under his care, stood gazing after the train with a silent prayer that his plan would bring to two hearts the real Easter spirit.

The little village of Hope was only twenty miles from the college towns. After asking to be directed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burke—the names upon the note she carried—Eunice started down the country road, which was bordered with houses on each side. Spring was holding out stronger hints of the beauties in store than she had seen in the larger town. The grass was soft and green, the trees showed tender buds. A small church near the centre of the village lifted its spire heavenward.

"Hope—an appropriate name," Eunice said, softly. "I wondered Doctor Stanwood did not preach to me the way others do, but perhaps he meant it for a sermon when he told me to take the train for Hope." And her lips trembled into a half smile.

At the end of the village street stood the white house with green shutters to which Eunice had been directed. She opened the gate. A middle-aged woman came to the door in answer to her knock, and Eunice said at once, "I have come to see if you could board me for a few days. I should like to stay during the Easter vacation."

The woman's face was full of surprise. "We never take boarders; we have no spare room," she answered, decidedly.

Eunice handed Doctor Stanwood's note to Mrs. Burke. The woman's lips grew white while she read it. "Come in," she said, as she finished, but there was scant hospitality in her tone.

Eunice hesitated. "If you have no room for me, perhaps I had better go to a boarding-house," she said. "Come in," the woman repeated. "Doctor Stanwood is an old friend, and I will take you because he asks me to do it."

She led the way into the dining-room, where the noonday meal was waiting. Here she introduced her husband, who talked cheerfully with the guest, while his wife sat silent.

After the meal was over, Mrs. Burke paused in the sitting room. Then in a voice that sounded harsh and cold, she said, "I suppose you would like to put your things away. I will show you to your room."

Eunice paused on the threshold in surprise.

It was a girl's room, gay with the colors of Stanwood Hall. The cushions, the couch cover and the curtains, all carried out the color scheme.

The Stanwood pennant hung above the mantel, and streamers of ribbons in the two colors fluttered about the mirror of the pretty dressing-table as the breeze blew in from the open door.

Eunice turned toward her hostess, but she did not ask the question that trembled on her lips. Mrs. Burke's face was white and drawn with suffering, and Eunice knew that death, who had so cruelly robbed her, had robbed this home, too.

The girl who had decorated the room would never cross its threshold again.

On the mantel was a picture of a girl with laughing eyes. Turning to Mrs. Burke, Eunice said, gently, "I can't accept so much from a stranger. I will go away."

"Why didn't you go home for Easter?" the woman asked.

"Oh, don't I!" the girl cried, starting as if stung by the words. "How could you think that any girl would stay away from a home and mother from choice? I have no home."

The woman's face softened. "You poor child!" she said, tenderly. "How I have hurt you, but I did not know."

She drew the girl down beside her on the couch, and Eunice of the proud heart, who did not want to be pitied, buried her face in the mother-

ly shoulder, sobbing out all her grief and longing, held close by the arms that had ached to enclose a girlish form.

They did not note the lapse of time that spring afternoon, as they opened to each other the hearts that had been closed to the world. Eunice knew that the woman understood, when she told of the loss of her dear ones and of the bitter rebellion that had filled her heart. And Mrs. Burke, for the first time since her bereavement, talked freely of the dear daughter, the joy and pride of their home; of the cruel fever that had stricken her while away at school; how they had brought her home to lay her in the village cemetery, and had lived on through the slowly dragging days and months, when it seemed that there was no longer any object in living.

"I can't be resigned," she said, bitterly. "I have never gone to the church since the day I went with her for the last time. I have never allowed anyone else to cross threshold of this room until to-day. I was angry at Doctor Stanwood for sending a girl here to remind me so cruelly of my loss. But I feel differently toward you now. I want you to stay because you understand. God has been cruel to both of us."

Eunice had listened wonderingly to the bitter words. They had affected her as new words of sympathy and counsel had done. She shrank from hearing from another's lips the bitterness of rebellion against God's will that she had harbored in her own heart.

Half unconsciously she picked up a Bible from the little table, turning its pages without seeing the printed words. A slip of paper fluttered out, and seeing the round, girlish writing Eunice hastened to replace it.

"It is Louise's writing," Mrs. Burke said. "She was always writing out comments on the verses she loved. I have never felt that I could read any of her writing; it seemed so much a part of her, and it set me wild with longing for her when I saw any of her paper; but would you care to read it aloud to me?" It was the Easter text, and Eunice read, "And they said among themselves, who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away, for it was very great." And the little comment ran, "The angel is waiting to say to each one who has given a dear one back into the Father's keeping."

He is risen; He is not here. Then why do we make of the heart a dark, gloomy sepulchre, sealing the door with the stone of bitter grief, when if we would only turn trustingly to Him who bore death for our sake, He would send His angels to roll the stone away."

The two looked into each other's eyes in awe. The message had come to each heart so clearly.

Eunice closed the book reverently, and they sat quite still as the early spring twilight crept into the room.

There was a steady downpour of rain upon the roof when Eunice awoke the next morning, but above it sounded the clear, joyous song of a robin in the branches of a tree just outside her window. She slipped from the bed and stood listening to his song as Mrs. Burke came into the room, carrying a vase of the Easter flowers which had bloomed in the night.

The little church at Hope was filled with worshippers that Easter day, and many wondering glances were turned toward the pew where Eunice sat between Mr. and Mrs. Burke, but the woman and the girl were not conscious of them, for the choir was singing:

Roll away, ye rolled away,  
The stone from the door of the sepulchre  
is gone  
And Christ is risen to-day.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf

Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,  
Fort Smith, Ark

## Sweet Easter Bells

Bright Easter morning the glad world awaking,  
Yonder thy drawing, thy soul cheering ray,  
Flashes in glory the wonderful tidings,  
Jesus, the Saviour, has conquered today.  
Bright Easter morning the glad world awaking,  
Faith, ever trusting, has waited for thee;  
Now may we drink of the pure flowing river,  
Jesus hath conquered, redemption is free.

Bright Easter morning, the shadows no longer

Hang o'er the tomb where the Saviour was laid;

Now through its portals the sunlight is streaming,

Now are its mansions in beauty arrayed,

Bright Easter morning, we come with rejoicing,

Lifting our hearts and our voices above,

Praising the name of our blessed Redeemer

Author and Giver of mercy above.

Where is thy boasting, O death and the grave?

Jesus hath risen, His people to save;

Louder and clearer the melody swells,

Borne in the chime of the sweet Easter bells.

Fanny J. Crosby.

## Easter

The Christian churches claim that in the year 68 A.D. the Apostles ordained that the anniversaries of the Passion, Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord be observed with great humiliation and sanctity with the strictest of fasting and most fervent of prayers. This was the beginning of the observance of Easter in the Christian churches, but disputes soon arose concerning the date of celebrating it.

Finally, in the fourth century, A.D. 325, a great ecumenical council was called at Nice and the following rules decided upon: "That the twenty-first day of March should be accounted the vernal equinox, that the full moon happening on or next after the twenty-first of March should be taken for the full moon of Nisan that the Lord's Day next following the first full moon should be Easter day, but if the full moon happened on Sunday, Easter day should be the Sunday after."

There are many superstitions in connection with Easter, and each country has a custom of celebrating it peculiar to itself, while each varies, they all unite to observe the spirit of Springtime, and all Christians rejoice that the Lord of Life forever won victory over death. Among the many quaint superstitions is the old Aryan one which typifies the return of the sun of Springtime by a golden egg—eggs being distributed at the early equinox by priests to strengthen the hopes of the people that the bleak, cold days of Winter might soon cease and a brighter time ensue.

The Persians believed that the earth was hatched from an egg Easter morning.

With the Jews the egg became a type of their rescue from the land of bondage, and in their Feast of the Passover eggs occupied a conspicuous place in the services. It was their connection with the latter that finally caused them to be used by Christians the world over in celebrating Easter—the egg of resurrection into a new life bringing a message of life from death, as it were.

As ordered by the Christian Church the time of the Easter festival is determined by the moon, and the hare was, in ancient and especially in Oriental symbology, identical with the moon. The Buddhists have several legends explaining the presence of the hare in the moon. One is that Indra, disguised as a famishing pilgrim, was apparently dying for lack of food, and the hare threw himself into the fire that he might be roasted, for which the grateful Indra immediately translated him to the moon.

The priests of Italy bless all eggs brought to service on Easter morning, and each person carries his back home, where they are placed on a kind of altar arranged for the purpose, surrounded by lighted candles and often flowers; then each member of the family and any guests abiding with them eat one of these holy eggs as a safeguard against disease and danger. They are hardboiled before being taken to church.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 29, 1928.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

**THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL** (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W 163rd Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf people published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS.

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are also welcome for news and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

163rd Street, New York City.

*"He's true to God who's true to man:*

Wherever wrong's done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race"

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

*Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.*

## A Trip to Bermuda

On Saturday, March 3d, Messrs. Edwin A. Hodgson, Charles C. McMann, Henry C. Kohlman, and Charles Schatzkin took the twin screw, oil-burning steamer Fort St. George of the Furness Line for a trip to Bermuda, which occupied twelve days—two days each way on the ocean, and eight days in beautiful Bermuda. Several relatives and friends came to see them off.

Each of the quartet went to Bermuda with a definite purpose, and not merely for a joy ride over the billowy deep and a week's siesta in the balmy air on the piazza of a hotel. Mr. McMann went to hasten convalescence after a serious illness of pneumonia following the Grip; Mr. Hodgson made the trip to eliminate the germs of "flu" that for the previous three weeks had been disporting in his anatomy; Mr. Schatzkin, the tired business man, needed a short rest and a climatic change to put increased energy into his real estate problems; and Mr. Kohlman desired to dispel a severe attack of ennui. All were successful in their several quest.

The trip down the North River, past the Battery, Governor's Island and the Statue of Liberty, through the Narrows with the grim battlements of Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth on either hand, then past Sandy Hook with Coney Island on the port side and Ambrose Light to starboard, and a little later beyond all landmarks on the great Atlantic Ocean, kept us as well as many other passengers hugging the rail in the cold but refreshing breeze of a sunshiny morning.

During the first day out it required heavy overcoats to keep warm while pacing the deck, but on the second day we were in or near the Gulf Stream and it was warm enough for summer clothing.

On the morning of the third day when we emerged from our cabin we were passing the lighthouse at Fort George, Bermuda. It took a couple of hours to reach the dock at Hamilton, as the steamer goes partly round the island and twists and turns before anchoring on Bermuda's coral strands.

Entering the harbor was filled with sights of scenic loveliness. The island is not flat, as was our pre-conceived notion. It is a succession of gentle hills, luxuriant with semi-tropical foliage. You see the cedar and rubber and palm trees, separate and intermingling, cactus of different varieties, hedges of bamboo, roads hard and smooth and white, lined on either side with scarlet hibiscus and oleander. Great stretches of Easter lilies, small gardens with bananas growing on the long-leaved plants. Acres of young onions and strawberries. In fact, everything that is lovely, and colorful, and as refreshing to look upon as the cool-warm air that you breathe.

It took but a moment to pass the customs officers, and then by open carriage we passed through Hamilton and along the winding road, some of it cut through coral that rose vertically on both sides twenty

and thirty feet for a distance of a couple of ordinary city blocks.

We were headed for the Frascati Hotel, which is situated on one of the loveliest spots in Bermuda, and enjoys the patronage of a fine quality of guests, with whom it is easy to become acquainted and feel quite at home. The management is courteous without effusiveness. The cuisine is superior and the service is excellent in all departments. The rooms are large, clean, and airy, and the view from any of them—and there are about two hundred—is delightful, fascinating, superb.

The verandas project over the purest and clearest of water of a channel, less than a mile in length, which connects the ocean with the big Harrington Sound. The tides ebb and flow with varying current, and so clear is the water that you can sit on the piazzas and see the fish swimming around over the white sandy bottom at almost any depth. Looking towards the ocean, the eye is entranced with the blending colors, from a clear white to an opalescent, then a surface of turquoise merging into a dark blue.

One of our sightseeing trips took us to the Devil's Hole, which the guide book describes as a "natural grotto" filled with every variety of fish found in and around Bermuda. Some of these fish were quite large and of all the colors of the rainbow.

Probably the most beautiful of all is the Angel Fish, which seems to have been adopted by Bermuda as a part of the distinctive quartering of its coat of arms.

We also visited the Crystal Cave, a wonderful cavern of stalactites and stalagmites whose natural beauty is heightened by electric lighting.

At the home of Tom Moore, the famous Irish poet of last century, we had a delicious feast of strawberries and cream.

We visited the Marine Gardens and through glass-bottomed boats marvelled at the remarkable beauty and variety of coral, with fish of all colors swimming placidly amid the fantastic growths.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Charlotte A. Currier, widow of the late principal of the New York Institution, and Miss Prudence E. Burchard, who for two-score years was a teacher of the deaf at Laramie and at Fanwood. These ladies are delightfully situated in a small hotel on the edge of Bailey's Bay. We passed an hour or more in pleasant conversation in the summer house of their abode. In front of the Hotel Seaward, as it is known, is an acre of green lawn, enclosed on two sides by tropical plants and trees, and at the front entrance by bushes of flowers of varied kinds. Mrs. Currier presented me with some lovely flowers she had picked, consisting of double hibiscus and red roses. It was with regret that we parted from these two ladies, each of whom commissioned us to bear to their friends their warmest and kindest greetings.

It rained but one day of the eight which we were privileged to spend in Bermuda. During our stay, from March 5th to 13th, the thermometer never went lower than sixty degrees nor higher than seventy-two. The air is dry and invigorating, the bathing so refreshing and strengthening, that one wonders how doctors exist.

Automobiles or motorcycles are not allowed in Bermuda. But there are thousands of bicycles. There are no factories. The population is about twenty thousand, two-thirds being colored people, who are invariably intelligent, always good-natured, and polite without being obsequious. The houses are all built of coral and sandstone, and look so white and cleanly and picturesque. If there exists in Bermuda anything of squalor, we failed to detect the slightest sign of it in our driving trips that practically covered the island from the fine causeway to majestic Fort George to the most populous part at Hamilton.

As the gang plank was drawn in for the return to New York, a blind colored old man with a concertina, who sat on a box playing a tune, was rewarded with quite a shower of coppers, pennies, and sixpences. A fellow passenger wrote to me: "He is playing 'Oh, how dry I am?'"

It was with great reluctance and greater regret that we left Bermuda for home. A stay four times as long would have made all of us happy. Life there is so serene and peaceful and lovely, and we departed with a real admiration for the place and the people who compose its population,

## CHICAGO.

How dear to my heart are the socials of childhood—Jovial and jocund with juvenile joy; Some wizard of wisdom, whimsical and wild, would Spring something that's different. Oh, lady! Oh, boy!

Instead of the same old stale staples now served us—Balls, "bunco" (well-named,) and fiddle-to-fun, They varied the socials, delighted and served us: Those old-fashioned rip-snorting socials! Yum-yum!!!

Wanted! A Moses—a social Moses to lead the chafing children of Chicago from the rut of social sameness. A dreary, dismal rut of distressful duplication—same old socials with the same old childish games; same old "Balls" with the same old garden of women wall-flowers, while their "gallant" (?) knights shoot pool and tell Pullman-smoker-stories in masculine groups downstairs; same old "lits" with the same old recitations and debates, generally on a par with the childish demonstrations of our school days. Same old picnics with the same old graft and the same old chiggers, caterpillars, hot sun and scarcity of drinking water (blind pig just around the corner.)

Chicago silentdom is aware and worn of the silly sameness of it all.

Weary, so weary.

John D. Sullivan has a copyright, or patent, or priority-claim, or cinch, or something on the annual St. Patrick's parties of the Sac. Any-

way, he always manages them.

This year's was a success from a financial viewpoint, 175 silent atten-

tending. The only redeeming or original feature was a nice ballet dance by Misses Caswell and Hyman.

For the rest such staunch old stand-

byss as "drop the handkerchief,"

"fox and geese," "three-deep tag"

and impromptu dancing were given in return for the admission money.

That same night the Pas-a-Pas also had a St. Patrick's social. Nine boxes were sold, attendance around seventy-five. If the Sac games were tame, trite, tedious and tiresome, what can be said of this Pas affair, where no games at all were attempt- ed, it is reported.

O Tempora! O Mores!

With more brainy, famous and capable deaf "doers" than any other locality—capital of the Nad and of the frats; headquarters of the Impostor Bureau; locality of the first-biggest-best Silent A. C.; headquarters of the Knights and Ladies of De L'Epee; Chicago yet trails most any tinkertoy tank-town in range and variety of social enter- tainment.

Pursuant to numerous requests, we print herewith the results of elections in local organizations. If you want it, cut it out—as it will not appear again.

Pas-a-Pas Club incorporated:

President, J. F. Purdon; First Vice-President, Mrs. W. McGann;

Second Vice-President, George Brashar; Recording Secretary, Tom O. Gray; Corresponding Secretary, R. H. Long; Financial Secretary, J. Anderson; Treasurer, F. Kaufman; Sergeant, Evanson; Assistant Sergeants, F. Stephens and Mrs. H. Hanna. Principal Chairmen are: Dr. G. T. Dougherty, Literary; C. Martin, House; F. Cleys, Entertain- ment; Mrs. J. Purdon, Refreshments.

Frank Blackhall is Dead

Frank Blackhall, a tinner, fell and was injured, while repairing the roof of a house in East End. He was rushed by a motor truck to the hospital, where he died within a few minutes.

In the evening of March 16th, I was reading the Pittsburgh *Chronicle* and the news of the death of my friend, Frank Blackhall, was a great shock to me, and I showed it to my mother. Suddenly I am terribly sorry. He has left us, but the splendid memories of him will always remain with the Pittsburgh Silent basketball team. Frank, guard, showed good floorwork and featured for our team in Maryland and West Virginia, and we won five hard games. I have known and admired him for many years, and feel a good fellow has passed from us and gone to his eternal reward. He was a remarkable basketball and baseball player in many ways.

But I do not need to tell you of these things, to me the most acute sense of loss is conveyed in the fact that I must write, in the past tense, "I had a friend."

WHEREAS, in view of the loss, we, the Pittsburgh Silent Five, sustained by the decease of our friend, Frank Blackhall, who was actively connected for six years with the Pittsburgh Silent Five Basketball team, and moreover, he proved himself a true friend of the Pittsburgh Silent Five in many ways; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Pittsburgh Silent Five, do acknowledge our loss of a valued friend in all that tended to the benefit of the deaf; and,

Resolved, That we do hereby extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved widow and Blackhall family, believing that what is their loss is his everlasting gain; and,

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Pittsburgh Silent Five, that the same be published in the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, and a copy to be forwarded to members of the family with an expression of our deep sympathy.

[Signed]

Albert Lenz, of Johnson, Pa.; Joseph Jovovich, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Michael Boyle, of Baltimore, Md.; James McDowell, of Akron, O.; Vincent Dunn, of Crafton, Pa.

The funeral services were held on

Saturday afternoon, March 17th.

The interment, which was private,

took place at Homewood Cemetery.

All of the Pittsburgh Silent Five

boys could not go to the funeral be-

cause too far from Pittsburgh.

Yes, I have lost a friend.

Yes, N. P. S. D., No. 36, lost brother.

Yes, Pittsburgh Social League has lost a friend.

Yes, Alumni has lost a member.

Where the faded flower shall blossom.

Blossom never more to fade;

Where the shaded sky shall brighten,

Brighten never more to shade."

VICENT DUNN.

4 Steuben Avenue,

CRAFTON, PA.

Laziness is the fruit of misdirect-

ed philosophy.

## PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reid, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Master Albert A. McGhee, the bright and winsome son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander S. McGhee, was given a party by his parents on the fifth anniversary of his birthday, March 10th, 1923. About thirty children (including ten cousins) and a few grown-ups made up the merry company, which was hugely enjoyed by all and by young Albert in particular. Though scarcely out of his babyhood, Albert received the little guests and the gifts they brought personally with such enthusiasm that the older folks were amused and the parents naturally felt proud of. Mrs. McGhee, who as all know seems gifted with a natural penchant for entertaining little folks as well as older ones, with the assistance of Papa McGhee, provided a gay time for the little guests and aroused their juvenile delight further by a dainty and refreshing treat in the dining-room that was decorated in child-loving fashion for the occasion. As might be expected, the little guests showed especial delight in the birthday cake lighted with five tiny candles, which was to them the feature par excellence on the table. Thus the little affair seemed to give more pleasure to its young participants than many a similar one gives to older people, to whom the novelty of them has long since passed.

Mr. Joseph C. Lipsett, son of Mr. and Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett, was one to whom St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, probably had more significance than it has to most of us, for the Hospital authorities had notified him that a son had arrived for him early in the day. Joseph was, of course, delighted, and he is still receiving the congratulations of friends. Two girls may claim seniority, but that will not make the growing little family any less interesting. May we add our congratulations.

We wish to say to the credit of

Chief Jennings and his aids that the

recent Frat Smoker they ar-

anged, notwithstanding its simpli-

city, was enjoyed by both smokers

and non-smokers. Features were

provided for both kinds of patrons

and their good-will and loyalty was

much appreciated by the Chief. The

smoker was held on Saturday even-

ing, March 10th, in the Grand Frat-

ternity building.

The Philadelphia Silent Athletic

Club contributed ten dollars (\$10.00)

towards the fight the deaf are mak-

ing against that part of the Motor

Law, which they think discrimi-

nates unjustly against them. That

the Club thus helped is proof it

is alive to the interests of its mem-

bers, which is of itself commend-

able. It is rather from organiza-

tions of the deaf than from individ-

uals that most help should come in

such a matter, because organized ac-

tion conveys more weight with the

powers that be. Even if the fight

should be lost, it will be

creditable that it was not lost with-

out a united protest from the deaf

of the State.

# NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal or card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Manhattan nest of O. W. L. S., are going to entertain at St. Ann's on Saturday, April 7th, but this treat is not for the members of the N. F. S. D., some 500 of them in the Metropolitan district—that is, Brooklyn, Manhattan, Bronx, Newark and Jersey City Divisions all meet on the first Saturday evening of the month, so the loyal "Frat" member will have to miss the entertainment that the Gallaudet girls offer that evening. A triple confine of dates comes on April 14th, when the Fanwood Alumni has a dinner, and the Men's Club of St. Ann's a masquerade, and the Metropolitan Five-Frat lodges hold a joint meeting in the large hall of No. 92, (Bronx Division), for the purpose of demonstrating the unwritten ritual work covering initiation of novices. There ought to be a rearrangement of some of these offerings, particularly where there are those who are members of all three organizations and can only attend one of the affairs.

After a number of years residence in East Orange, and Ampere, New Jersey, during which they bought and sold two beautiful country homes, Mr. and Mrs. William Lipgens have again become New Yorkers, having, on March 10th, taken possession of a modern elevator apartment at 1 Bennett Avenue, at the corner 181st Street. As this building was erected on the site of the old Blue Bell Inn, an authenticated Washington's Headquarters, the building takes the name of the old inn that stood there, until it was demolished to make way for the Coliseum Theatre, whose walls back up on Mr. Lipgens' new home.

Mr. Lipgens is through hunting in his pockets for the inevitable commuter's ticket, and through worrying over making the \$23 in and the 4.45 out, and Mrs. Lipgens being again a Gothamite will enable her to see as much of her coterie of friends, as she has been longing too, all these years she has been a Jerseywoman.

A delightful whist party was given to Mrs. Arthur C. Bachrach on March 17th, at her home, to some friends. The table was beautifully decorated in green in honor of the day, dedicated to that genial saint, who rid the Emerald Isle of pestiferous snakes. Those present besides Mrs. Bachrach and her daughter, Celia, were Mrs. C. Barnes, Mrs. S. Bramson and children, Shirley and Augus', Mrs. A. A. Cohen, Mrs. I. Fisher, Mrs. Sam Goldberg, Mrs. S. Goldstein, Mrs. Kohn, Mrs. O. Loew, Mrs. S. Lowenthal, Mrs. Abe Miller, Mrs. I. G. Moses, Mrs. M. Miller and Mrs. A. Seelig. The winners of the prizes were Mrs. M. Miller, a sofa pillow, Mrs. Moses received the second, a green bowl, and Mrs. A. Cohen, the booby, a box of green candy.

An appreciative, certainly a cultured audience, witnessed Rev. Mr. John H. Kent's reading of the story entitled "Jade," at St. Ann's Saturday, March 17th. Unfortunately, that this was an offering for St. Patrick's evening was only known to the parishioners of St. Ann's, but for which fact the house would certainly have been capacity, in spite of a number of other features scheduled for that evening. The mere reading would have made for most profitable evening, but Mr. Kent's fertility of resource in blinding interpolations of a humorous nature added to the enjoyment of all who were present.

Accus'd of house-to-house beggling, Hyman Leventhal, a deaf mute, of 144 East 114th Street, was arrested last night at 6 West 102d Street on complaint of Mrs. T. Williams, who lives there. Police say that Leventhal's receipts yesterday were \$13.87, and that he told them he had averaged \$12.50 a day for several years. He said he had a wife and two children to support, and that he was a student in a school for deaf-mutes—*N.Y. Globe*.

From the city of St. Louis hails Miss Etta Rederer, to be a permanent resident of this city, living with her brother and sister-in-law in the Yorkville section. She seems to lead life much brighter here than over in St. Louis, and is seen quite often at the socials of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf. St. Louis' loss is our gain!

Moritz Schoenfeld writes from Schenectady, N. Y., where he has gone to reside permanently, that his daughter's baby is as small as a doll, being seven weeks old and weighing only 4½ pounds. Mr. Schoenfeld hopes to meet the deaf-mutes of Schenectady. His address is 28 Frank Street.

Joe F. Graham, President of Bronx Division of the Frats, lost his mother by death, on Sunday morning, March 25th. She died on her eightieth birthday. The funeral on Tuesday was private. Interment at Calvary Cemetery.

Miss Evelyn Dixon, of Providence, R. I., is spending a couple of weeks in New York. She was a pupil at Fanwood for a time, but later went to the Rhode Island School, from which she graduated.

Mrs. Menken and Mrs. C. H. Vetterlein are in Atlantic City.

## LOUISVILLE.

For several months past the Louisville Post has been running a series of articles on the front page on the various counties in the State, setting forth their advantages, business conditions, progress along the educational line, etc.

In the issue of March 15th, we see the following headline—"Danville is the home of one of Kentucky's finest institutions—a wilderness cabin grew to Centre College." The article goes into detail over Danville, Boyle County and Centre College, but all that is said of deal old K. S. D., follows:

"Danville is the home of The Kentucky School for the Deaf. This institution was established a hundred years ago, in 1823, and was the fourth in order of time in the country. It has an attendance of more than 200 deaf children who are being transformed into valuable citizens and taught to overcome the handicaps of physical defects."

We are of the humble opinion that the writer of the article, had he visited the school, rubbed elbows with the pupils and looked around a little, he would probably have a good background of inside knowledge to write a novel.

The many friends of that venerable good lady, Mrs. George W. Campbell, will be pleased to hear that she is well o'er the road to recovery, after falling on a stove in her home and suffering slight burns on her left side.

### MRS. SOPHIA REED DEAD

CINCINNATI, March 9.—Mrs. Sophia Reed, 54, wife of Martin Reed, Danville, Ky., died today at a Cincinnati hospital following a lingering illness. Mr. Reed was in Danville at the time of her death. He is to arrive in Cincinnati tomorrow to arrange for the funeral.—*Louisville Herald*, March 10.

Louisville friends are shocked to hear of the death of this good lady. It was known for some time that she was ill. Our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Reed in his great loss.

Contributors of rough material for the making of news items intended for these columns, will please take notice of the new address of "Certified Bond"—530 South 20th Street.

If we spoke the consensus of opinion of the local deaf residents who live in districts served by the so-called one man safety cars, would make these columbus resemble a copy of Braun's *Icologoclast* at the zenith of its most sultry period.

Ashland D. Martin, Athletic Director at dear old K. S. D., was in town the weekend of March 10th, consequently the local sporting goods stores report a flourishing business.

Miss Bernice Pollock, of Pee-wee Valley, is in town, learning the art of "rolling the weed" at the Eltel-Caselbaum factory. She is boarding with the Johnstons.

Here's a good one from the Louisville Post of a recent date: Wifey—How in the world can a deaf and dumb man have an impediment to his speech?

Hubby—That's easy. One of his fingers must be missing.

Jackson Morrison, of Bardstown, Ky., was in town the week end of February 18th, to see his daughter, Miss Grace, a patient at the City Hospital with a mild attack of diphtheria. Since then she has recovered and left on March 9th for her home, where hereafter she will assist her parents on the farm.

DANVILLE, Ky., March 9.—Centre College announced the appointment of Prof. Hickman Carter of Danville, as business manager of the College. Prof. Carter has been connected with Kentucky School for the Deaf for twenty-five years, and will continue to discharge his duties at that institution until the close of the school year.—*Louisville Post*, March 9.

The many former pupils of Prof. Carter, in Louisville, all over the State, and those scattered all over the universe, will be pleased to hear of his appointment and wish him much success in his new undertaking.

It is gratifying to learn that his activities will remain in Danville and the school's interests will always be dear to him.

Centre College, by the way, is "that little college at the foot of the Cumberland Mountains that turns out great men," which former President Wilson once said. Also great football teams, one victory over Harvard to its credit.

Kentucky may be whispered at all over the country as the "Detour State," but at last, "The Greatest Town on Earth" can hardly be termed the de-tour city, after the cold-hearted recent action of the board of park commissioners in abolishing the local tourist camps. A very severe slam at the world famous "Kentucky Hospitality."

Herman W. Scott has returned to work at the Louisville Cooperage Co., after being away only two weeks. Just imagine that the happiest man alive today is none other than "Uncle" Pat Dolan, the peer of all keg inspectors, to have

his silent team worker restored to him.

Former Kentuckians here, there, everywhere, attention! Here we are at last able to put you next to some good news.

### "Coming Events Cast Their Shadow Before"

The Centennial Reunion of the Kentucky Association of the Deaf, August 31—September 1, 2 and 3, 1923, Danville, Kentucky.

"So here goes."

At the Seventh meeting of the Kentucky Association of the Deaf, held September 4-6, 1920, it was voted to hold a four-day Reunion at Danville, in 1923, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Kentucky School for the Deaf. The Executive Committee of the Association has unanimously agreed on August 31 to September 3, 1923, as the date for the gathering.

All graduates and former pupils of the Kentucky School for the Deaf in good standing at the time of leaving school, and all deaf residents of Kentucky of approved character, are eligible to membership in the Association. These may claim the privilege of attending and of becoming active members on payment of fifty cents by women and twenty-five cents by men. Visitors from other states will be welcome and will be shown every possible courtesy, but we can not promise them accommodations at the school, as the indications are that we shall be crowded. It may be necessary for visitors to lodge outside the school, but they can secure board in the school at \$1.50 per day.

Members of the Association will be given accommodations at the school for \$1.50 per day. This includes meals and a bed in the dormitory. We have very few bedrooms, and in assigning these, older people and couples with young children will be given the preference.

But the charge for these rooms will be twenty-five cents a day more for each person than for beds in the dormitories. Those wishing to engage rooms should write at once to Mrs. Belle L. Marceau, Chairman of the Room Committee, and ask to have a room reserved. Send \$1.00 with application. The dollar will be credited as part payment for the room at the time of the Reunion. If no room can be reserved, the dollar will be returned to the sender. We wish we could give every one a separate room in the school, but as this will be impossible we are going to ask the old boys and girls to hunt up their old places in the dormitories and make the best of any inconvenience they may be put to, for the sake of "lang syne."

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Sat. Evening, April 21, 1923

### La Duena de la Posada (The Mistress of the Inn)

A ROMANCE OF OLD SPAIN  
BY THE

V. B. G. A. A.

St. Ann's Guild House  
511 West 148th Street

Play starts at 8:30 p.m.  
ADMISSION, 35 CENTS

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JULY 7th, 1923

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pronunciation and poor choice of  
words. Know the meaning of puzzling  
word terms. Increase your efficiency,  
which results in power and success.

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NATIONAL OWLS

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JERSEY CITY DIV., NO. 91  
N F S D  
August 11th, 1923

RESERVED FOR  
NEWARK DIVISION, NO. 42  
N. F. S. D.  
Saturday, Aug. 25, 1923

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf  
Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and  
Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.  
The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D.,  
Principal-In-Charge.  
Mr. A. O. Stedemann, Lay Reader.  
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School  
Teacher.  
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.  
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.  
Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.  
Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.  
Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.  
Special services, entertainments, socials and  
other events indicated in annual program  
card and duly announced.  
You are cordially invited and urged to  
attend. Tell and bring your friends.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf  
St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House,  
528 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.  
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in  
charge.  
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.  
SERVICES.  
Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sun  
day, 8:30 P.M.  
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sun  
day in each month, 8:00 P.M.  
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.  
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

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### Men's Club

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### ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street

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W. M. W. THOMAS

W. A. RENNER

F. HABERSTROH

A. PFANDLER

Admission, 35 Cents

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OF THE

Atlanta 1923

12th

13th

15th

16th

1923

DENVER BIBLE CLASS

St. Marks Chapel, cor. 12th & Lincoln

8 P. M. Every Sunday

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All Welcome

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FIRST GRAND ANNUAL MODERN DANSE REVUE

under auspices of the

### SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB

of New Jersey

### AT MASONIC TEMPLE

835 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Saturday Evening, April 28, 1923

At 7:30 O'Clock

UNSURPASSED MUSIC

TICKETS (Including Wardrobe) 60 CENTS

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE

Alfred W. Shaw, Chairman

Frank Hopbaugh John MacNee Albert Neger

John Garland Charles E. Quigley James Davison

Randall McClelland Anthony Petolo Louis Pugliese

How to Reach Hall—From New York, take Hudson Tubes to Summit Ave., Jersey City, and walk on Bergen Ave. to Hall.

SECOND ANNUAL

### PICNIC and GAMES

AUSPICES OF

Manhattan Division No. 87

N. F. S. D.

TO BE HELD AT

MARTIN HOFFMANN

Unionport Hotel and Park

(Adjoining the Odd Fellows Home)

Havemeyer Avenue, Unionport, N. Y.

Saturday, July 21st, 1923

S. Goldstein, Chairman

L. Blumenthal M. Marks M. Loew Friedman

DIRECTIONS—Take 2d Ave. L to 129th St. or 149th St., and then take Westchester Avenue Car to Havemeyer Avenue; or Subway to 177th St., West Farms, then take Unionport Car to Havemeyer Ave.; or B'way Subway to 181 St. and take Unionport Car to Havemeyer Avenue.

RESERVED FOR MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87.

FRATERNAL SOCIETY FOR THE DEAF,

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1923.

RESERVED FOR ST. THOMAS' MISSION TO THE DEAF

NEWARK, N. J.

November 8, 9, 10, 1923

### The Akron Division No. 55,

OF THE

### National Fraternal Society of

the Deaf.

presents

"Married in Thirty

Days"

A farce comedy in five acts.

AT 8:30 P.M.

EAST HIGH SCHOOL

AUDITORIUM

AKRON, OHIO.

Saturday Evening, at 8,

April 28, 1923

ADMISSION, 50 CENTS

F. D. GILBERT, Director

COMMITTEE

C. M. THOMPSON C. J. SCHMIDT

K. B. AYERS, Chairman

RESERVED

FOR

N. A. D.

National Association of the Deaf.

BRONX DIVISION, No. 92

Meets at Lefferts Hall, 308 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday of each month. We offer exceptional provisions for the physical and social welfare of the Deaf. Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write: BENJAMIN FRIEDWALD, Secretary, 4307-12th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bronx Division, No. 92

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Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 128th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, recreational and intellectual advancement of deaf-mutes. Meetings are held on the second Thursday of every month at 8:15 P.M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of twenty miles are always welcome. To New York, President, 143 West 128th Street, New York City.

The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets at St. Mark's Parish House, 230 Adams Street, first Thursday each month, at 8 P.M.

SAT. EVE ENTERTAINMENTS MEETINGS

Sat., March 24th—Lecture

Sat., April 21st—Apron & Necktie Party

Sat., May 19th—Free Social & Games

Sat., June 9th—Strawberry Festival in memory of Dr. Thomas Gallaudet's Birthday.

Mrs. Harry Leibsohn, Chairman.

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